Doetru

SAILOR-BOY'S FAREWELL.

Wait, wait ye winds while I repeat A parting signal to the fleet, Whose station is at home; Then waft the sea-boy's simple prayer, And let it oft be whispered there, While other climes I roam.

Farewell to Pather, reverend bulk, Who, spite of metal, spite of bulk, Must soon his cable slip: But, ere he's broken up, I'll try The flag of gratitude to fly, In duty to the ship.

Farewell to Mother, "first-rate" she, Who launched me on life's stormy sea, And rigged me fore and aft. May Providence her timbers spare, And keep her hull in good repair To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to Sister, lovely yatcht; And whether she'll be "manned" or not I cannot now foresee; But may some craft a "tender" prove, Well found in stores of truth and love. To take her under lee

Farewell to Jack, the jolly-boat, And ali the little craft affoat, In home's delightful bay; When they arrive at sailing age, May wisdom give to them the guage, And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all; on life's rude mai Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again, Thro' stress of stormy weather. When summoned by the board above, We'll harbor in the port of Love, And all be moored together.

Miscellaneous.

THE EJECTMENT. AN IRI H "SKETCH FROM LIFE."

MRS. C. S. BALL, OF LONDON

PERHAPS it proceeds from our having 'Inhabitiveness' largely developed that we are led so completely with those who are hink of the cruelty of the world. How r gret-the discomfort, the bustle, the by the side of the road itself, in the pacleave-taking, are all sad enough, no matter where he's known, he could get work how brilliant the anticipated future may among the n ighbors; but that spoils the be-there is something really melancholy look of he country, they say! Och in parting either from what has been the hone! sure the starving look of the por abode of joy, or sorrow, for both equally spoils it wors. in our opinion, endear a locality. A change of residence is always an incon now, said the urchin, and you promised ver ience to the rich, but to the Irish poor mother you'd keep in the tears : let me it is frequently only a change from the see if she's crying still.' miscry of a wretched hovel to the expos-

proceeding on foot, a practice which enn- my own darlin' m ther, if God leaves bles us to converse with the peasantry, her with us-but he won't death was and increases our enjoyment and informa printed on her fice this morning; she'll tion. It was a fine clear evening; the die from me : oh, Holy Vargin, hear my longing to me; starve and beg. and beg. sun was sinking behind the richly wood- prover this evenin', and it one must go, en slopes of this most beautiful country; take me Holy Queen of Heaven, and leave the air was full and bulmy; the roll was her with her husband and helpless chilcroaking slong the hedges, and the thrush dien. singing those rich and varied me odies. The poor girl sank upon her knees. which art can neither imitate nor teach. still pressing the infant to her heart, and A lane, or as the Irish so prettily call it, a we walked on, deeply anxious to ascerbohreen,' branched off from the high tain the truth of so sad a statement. A road, and some noble old trees had inter- turn in the lane brought us opposite what laced their arms above it, so as to form a had been a nesting of three or four cottasuccession of living Gothic arches, the ges : the greater number had been disposthe most perfect and picturesque we had sessed of their inmat s a few months beever observed. The elevated inclosers fore, as was evident from the length of of this pretty path were sangled by a pro- time the walls had been uncovered. The fusion of flowers-the purple fox-glove one far hest off was the present scene of with its fairy like cups, and the sparkling distress. Two men were busied in unrootleaves and knotty twistings of sly : obin ing the small dwelling, while two o hers pay our rent. Will any of you say that run-the hedge, mingled with the tasseled were evidently prepared to meet any out. God intended t at?" meadow sweet and broad-leave I dock-all break on the part of the late tenant, or his . Then why the divil, Johnny Larkins beautiful according to their kind: then friend . Several of the latter were as- my jewel !' said a tight concentrate ! fel. there were occasional breaks smid the sembled, but for the most part seemed low, walking up to the excited sp aker : branches, through which the surlight, so rather bent on consoling than defending, 'why don't you let us save them all our bright before its close, darted the most There was the usual scene of confusion, at onci? Sorra better sport we'll desire. light, showing the salvan tracery of the but it was evident that the ejectment had and its under yer roof ye'd be now, f ye in a warm argument with a lady on the subquisite a hil of light and shade that it many comforts. A very pale fragile wo- them.' was not until we had looked at it for some man was sented upon a substantial clump 'I never broke the law in my life time that we perceived hee little children bedstead with her hand closely pressed James, replied Larkins. huddled up together at the stump of an against her side, as if in pain, while tears | 'Sorra a better ye're off than them old thorn-three, a few yards down the flowed down her cheeks. Chickens of that did,' answered James, steepping back lane the e dest, a grown up girl, sup- various sizes were crowded in an ancient in a most discontented manner. Two ported a sleeping infant on her knees; the coop, and a stout little pig had a sougan women were comforting the poor man's third, whose costume was as slight as it is fixed to his leg, to prepare him for the wife, in the best way mey could, and possible to fancy, was crying sisterly, and road. Stools and iron pots, a dresser, de f another was busied in adjusting a bed on in his fruitless attempts to dry his tears, and wooden ware, were scattered about, a small car upon which they intended to had smeared his face over so as to give it and a ser ous looking cat was seated on the appearance of a mask. His trouble the top of a potato basket, as it uncertain comfortably. The landlord's agents, in was of that nature which in England whether the esteem she was held in would this apparently most unfeeling proceedwould be alleviated by bread and butter, compel her friends to forego the supersti ing, seemed resolved not to desist untiand cured by bread and sugar: but the tion and carry her with them-little grief that caused emotion in the eldest thinking that they had no alteruntive out girl was altogether different; it was such to exchange the free air for a wretched as strong women can hardly bear. Her ro m in wreiched Navin. which it was features were hardened into the expression not likely they could long keep. of despair, and what is more at variance with the first hours of youth, sullen des- that; when the lease of his little place pair. Ap old blind dog sat at her feet dropt he wou'dn't take 'No' for an answwith his head on the knee, his thick sight- er, but would keep poosession, and I won less eyes upturned to her, while she strok- dor at his doing so, and he so well learn ed his head mechanically, and without ed, and bright at everything, said one of

·Let me go back, Essay; let me go bac

PIYMOTTH ADVERTIS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER--DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ETC.

Malume 1.

Plymouth, Phio, Saturday Morning, December 31, 1853.

um so feelingly expressed a few minutes

before-that death was printed in her

fice'- th wouldn't have been long. Where's the children ?'

Sure ye sent them away, they were crying so."

· And where's John ?'

Is the sight leaving your eyes that you can't see him forenint you, dear ?' an wered the woman, at the same tuno i g anxious'y in her face.

'John, darling!' she exclaimed fer vently. In a moment her husband was

red the woman to the young man who ad proffered to take the law in his own hands. 'There's a change over herrup for the priest if ve love your own

Even the man who had been so busy with the roof paused, and the silence was mly disturbed by the prolonged whistle of a distant blackbird.

· John, my blessing-my pride---the only love I ever had-you'll forgive any hasty word I spoke, won't ye, my jewel?"

· Ye never did, darlin,' answered the poor fellow; 'but what's over you, dear? what ails you? What ails her neighbors? G eat Queen of Heaven. what ails my wife ?"

· Whish!, dear !' she said, and raising er hand to his face, she pressed his cheek still closer to her own. 'I've been sickty a long time, John and was going fast . netter I should die belore we got into the town-I must have died then, you know. Your face is very thin, darlin, already, Oh may the holy saints lave ye as ye are, that I may know ye in heaven! But, I would any way--spake to me my bird of blessings !-- kiss me, dear, and let me l v my head on ver bare breast. Neighbors, ye'll look to him, and the poor motherless children. Oh then has any Christian sent for a price, that I may not ne in my sins?'

'le's only a faintness, my jewel,' said he hu-band; 'n's nothing else-fetch per a drop of water.'

Sue drank eagerly, and then nestled er head as a child would in its mother's We could turn with less of sadness from thy re-

· Oh I was sinful,' murmured the man, to rebel while my angel was left me-I'll never say a word again if the Lord -pares her -- pray for her good friends,'

There was not, to use a homely phases a dry eye in the circle that formed round them; even the ministers of a law as cruel as its enforcers, sympathized with the poor man's agony. Suddenly the old woman, who had been forgosten in the fresh excitement, pushing the little rowd to the right and left with her long. lean arms, stood like a spectre in the midst, her white hair streaming from beneath her black hood, and the wrinkles in her sharp face thickened by a maniac smile-" I ask ver pardon,' she said. c urtesying as deeply as the infirmities of extreme age would permit- I ask ver pardon, but I don't rightly understand this -is it a wer'ding-or a berr'ing ?"

. Look ! look !' exclaimed Larkins. Some one look in my Mary's face-I he carried in his hand was fastened an He found some gold pieces, which he

She was dead upon his bosom.

THE ELOQUENCE OF NATURE.—It is aid that Cromwel was one day engaged that elequence could only be required v vouth, and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, ment of any object, it never failed to supply fluency and richness of expression stupid the speeches of the most able orators. It happened, some days after hat this young lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and impresonment of her husband, who was conducted to the tower, as a our host : wife flew to the Lord Protector, rushed ther injured husband. His Highness maintained a severe brow, till the petiinner, overpowerd by the excess of her s'ern countenance relaxed into a smile, and General to tell its history. extending to her an order for the immedithink all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in

TO THE OLD YEAR.

BT M. S. CURTIS.

Farewell Old Year! for now we hear thy sad parting tone. The winds have tolled

Mion thou art gone; The beauteous apring and su the wreaths that autumn wove

Have long since faded from thy bowers. from the leafy grove. The cold and chilling frosts of age have gath-

ered on thy brow. And thou has left thy whiter withered bough: They're sad mementoes-

our certain doomfouth, middle and old age will come, and then the silent tomb.

Now while the Old Year fades away, and waves

its last farewell Let retrospection o'er its scenes a passing ment dwell:

Let thought be busy with the past each misspent hour recal-Lost gems, alas! they're buried deep

Oblivion's pall. To all save memory ever lost are those bright gems of time

Months, days and hours have swiftly sped along our sunny clime. They've scattered blessings

numbered as the sands That seperate the Ocean waves favored land.

They've borne with them full many a pearl, and hidden neath the wave

Of time full many a treasure which worlds

drops o'er the lawn ; And other hours exhaled them like the an

O how varied are the scenes of one brief, fleeting year,

brown and sere, s snow flakes fall and melt away, yet leave r trace behind.

E'en so the varying, changing thoughts which flit across the mind. O could we grasp the treasures which thou

us has brought. And hoard in mem'ry's store those bright gems fairy-wrought:

The golden pearls of knowledge flung like way-Along the sunny pathway of spring's rosy hours.

ceding form. And meet with more of gladness the New Year's Sabbath morn:

And lighter hearts would listen to the New Year's

THE OLD COCKADE.

In the year 1831, I was spending an evening at the house of a General, who had been one of Napoleon's bravest officers. There were some other gues's, and we were chatting sociably around the fire. when M. Louis Jacquet was announced, for ?' end we saw an extremely hand ome vung officer of Marines enter. He seemed o he about twenty-two years old; would just give some token to this little loads me with his benefits. his ensign sumform--evidently quite new chap, it would bring him good luck. -was put on with much care and neatness. One portion of his costume, however contrasted oddly enough with the arm, and approached Napoleon, who was rest. In the black, glossy cap which searching his pockets for some souvenir. feel as if her breath passed right into my old, s iled faded cockade. Involuntarily quickly put back; for it was not with or's cockade whenever you returned with many eyes glanced curiously at this in- money that he purchased his soldiers' an epaulette, gained as we old soldiers congruous decoration; and our host, in a hearts. He sought again, and found noth- gained ours. And to-day, my friends, whisper, drew his wife's attention to this ing but papers. At length, in the pocket you see the cockade in his cap; for Louis circumstance; to which she replied by a gentle smile. M. Jacquet blushed deep- fered it to the grenadier. Jacques began tain, who had aken him out merely as a ly, yet not with an air of shame or conmodesty. And the General, taking his a child that can't even smoke ! hand, said : · You are a brave lad, Louis.

> The General's wife then took his hand: and the young officer kissed hers, with respectfu tenderness.

This little scene in crested us all, ve no one ventured to ask its explination when an old officer, who had been rather silent huberto, suddenly rose, and said to

'So this is your Jacquet, General; and his is the real cockade!

And taking the cap from its owner's hands, he looked at its battered ornament with strange fondness, while a tear relied down on his gasy moustache. Every one present then crowded round to examine the mysterious cockade, and saked the

As he hesiteted, the old officer said : 'Tis a story which I am sure will in terest you; and with the permission of our host and his young friends, I will tel No objection being made, he began

Aumber 11

· After the memorable interview tween Napoleon and Alexander, the for mer of hese two Emperors wishing to show to the other, the troops which conquered him, a grand review took ,lace As Napoleon was inspecting, with pleased eye, the ranks of his Imperia Guard, he paused before a remarkably powerful-looking grenadier, whose face was seared from the forehead to the chin by a deep scar. Pointing him out to the Emper r Alexander, Napoleon said:

. What do you think of the soldiers who an resist such wounds ?"

'What do you think of the soldiers w an g ve them?' said Alexander, readily 'They are dead,' said the grenadier nighty rival, said, courteously :

'Sir, you are everywhere a conqueror · Because the Guard has done its duty, eplied Napoleon, with a friendly gesture towards the grenadier.'

camp, he saw the grenadier, seated on a Napoleon paused before him, and the old of himself. soldier, without rising, said :

Pardon, sir-but if I stood up, Jaquet brandy. would scream like one of the King of your Mnjesty."

'He is your son.'

'No, my Emperor; his father was an old comtade of mine, who had his leg field. His mother who followed the camp, Jacques!" was killed by a sabre cut while she was empty as the King of Spain's coffers.

Then you have adopte' the child?

pecially to me.

a lesson in riding, and then said : 'I owe you something, Jacquet.'

given me a cross for this scar.' I owe you some return for what you said to the Emperor Alexander.

'Did I say anything uncivil to that Emperor ? Has he complained of me?"

for anything; but, my Emperor, if you

'Willingly,' was the reply. And Jacques, rising, took the child in his arm to laugh, and said :

What nonsense! Give a snuff box to

At that moment the Emperor felt somegot his tiny hand into the loop, and was playing with the cockade.

ittle fellow is like your Majes y; he takes whatever he chooses to himself!

And detaching the cockade with his And detaching the cockade with his graves. Were it universally own hands, he gave it to the child, to would increase the melanchol whom Jacques said, as he danced him in of temeteries, and would be an

*Come, show his Majesty that you know

ow to talk !' And the baby, laughing and clapping

his hands, stammered softly the words: Ong ice de Empeau! From tint day, Jacques followed his

llustrious moster through all his chequered fortunes, and accompanied him to the island of Elba, Jacquet was also in every campaign, teometimes erolling with

the gregorier on a feet ometimes riding on his protector's be and quickly learned to play on the fife while Jarques, who loved and h taug't Jacques to do the man. The Grenndier was at fi at greatly pura'ed as o how the child ought to wear the cockede; till at length he bethought him of enclosing it in a little case, which he h aroung his protege's neck, at the m ime saying to him:

Mind, Jacquet, night and morning when you say your prayers, always take out to is relic and pray for a blessing ou our Emperor, who gave it you."

This the child never failed to de; constantly associating in his prayers the name of Napoleon with that of Papa

·Years passed on . Napoleon was benished to St. Helena, the arms was disbanded, and poor Jacques found himself without any posse-sions but his eross and his little Jacquet. Louis-for by that name the boy had been baptized -has often told me how it pained his childish beart to see his brave father, who a few months before, thought nothing of making a forced march of fifteen leagues while fully accoutred, now bending under thus mingling in the conversation of the the weight of a small packet of clothes. wo most powerful monarchs in the world, and dropping from fatigue after walking Alexander then turning towards his a few miles. Every day he became weaker. They generally passed their nights in stables, and Louis used to collect scattered handfuls of straw to cover the shivering limbs of the old grenader .--They lived principally on scraps of food 'A few days afterwards, as the Emper. given them by charitable inn-keepers and or of France was passing through the peasants. One day the poor old man felt unable to rise from off the floor of a stone, with his legs crossed, and duncing deserted hut where he had passed the a chubby boy of two years old on his foot. night, and murmured as it were in spite

'Jacquet, I am dying ; get me a litt'e

'The child burst into a hearty fit of cry-Prussia's fifers, and that would annoy ing, and then went out to the road to ask for alms; but he got nothing, and felt 'Tis we I !' said Napoleon. That's the ready to despair, when suddenly a thought reason they call this little fellow Jacquet.' struck him: he fell on his knees, took out the case that contained his cockade, and

'My God !- my God! In Thy great shot off, two months ago, and died on the mercy send me some brandy for Papa

·He continued to repeat these words as giving her husband a drink. She had well his tears would permit, until a genthis baby tied on her back; and we found tleman who was passing by, stopped, and him, some hours after her death, roaring began to question him. The child in an like a young bull, with his stomach as artless manner, told his history, and finshed by saying :

·Papa Jacques desired me never to 'I and my comrades. But as I was the part with this cockade. He said that it first to find him, they have given him es- would always bring me good luck, and I'd rather out off my arm than lose it : still 'Napoleon looked for a moment at the vou may have it if you will only give me

renadier, who continued to give Jacquet a few sous to buy brandy for him ?" "My child, God, to whom you proved so fervently, has left in France some old Me, my Emperor? You have already soldiers ready to share His gifts with their comrades. Take me to your father.'

"And this man?" 'This benevolent man,' interrupted the officer took me in his arms : me-a poor little mendicant? He caused Jaques to 'No, certainly; for I am going to re- be carried to his house, restored him to ward you. Come! What do you wish life, and never allowed him to want for anything until his death, which did not 'Ma foi,' replied Jacques, 'I don't wish take place for many years. As to me, be treated me like a son, and still each day

> Andturning to the general and his wife. the young man embraced them both, while his eyes were filled with tears."

You have not finished the story, Louis,? said the General. 'You did not say that I promised to restore to you the Emperof his vest he found his snuff-box, and of- was at the taking of Algiers, and his Caprecruit, has sent him home to me an En-

So saying, the General once more embraced his adopted son. We were all thing pull at his hat; and he saw that the affected and I saw another tear stealing child, raised on the grenadier's arms, had down on the old officer's grey moustache.

The Newark Advertiser says: Hold, sir, said the grenadier. 'The grave stone lately out at C. Grant's, has a the fellow is like your Majes y; he takes person neatly let into the stone. This is hatever he chooses to himself! a novel and appropriate method not only 'Well, replied the Emperor, 'let him of commemorating friends, but of bringing them as they appeared in life to the lection of sequentances visiting able addition to the tombs of p distinguished citizens.

" What !" cried half a dozen

THE FORLORN HOPE OF LABORAL

ju-t for a minute, and I won't cry out; o

aid the boy. The girl made no reply, but clutched is shoulder in her hand, and held his

There was a strong resistance on the boy's part, but it did not continue long for he agreed to keep still if she'd 'lose her hold which she did, though her hand still remained on his shou'der

We were so interested in the girl's sor row that we endeavored to alleviate it by kind words, and inquired if any of her prople were ill.' Then she burst into ears, and the hardness which rendered er expression so painful to look a , re

Thank you kindly for asking, only th rouble, ma'am, is hard on us this evenin'; ve've turned out: we, that never let the winter gale run till summer : that for all we took out of the bit of land, put d uble in it, and did with half feedin' sooner than prong the earth that gave us th t same We've turned out this beesed eve in' to wander the world, or to starve in Navin - to die away from the light of the heav ens, and the fresh air, and the field-ob here's no use in talking, but my h art will burst; it will burst open in me if compelled under any circumstances to can my father live in a town where there quit their homes Even if 'a flitting' be are hundreds of min strong an' able to premeditating under the most pleasan work as he? What can he get to do prospects there is always something to there ? If they'd let us build a sod howe

Ye'r erving worse than me, Essay,

Stay where you are, Jimmy my boy, ure and starvation of the high wads. We there's a good child, mother can bear it witnessed a harrowing scene of this des- better when she does not see us. Oh, I cription, which we cannot easily forget could beg the world's bread f r her, from and it is one which my American readers door to door though until to is blessed hour, charity from man or mortal; but I could We had sent the carriage on and were beg, starve (hat's easy enough) or die for

"It's Larkins' own fault, I must say

the men. 'My own fault !' repeated a strong, hag-

erd looking person advancing, while the roop of countrymen to whom he had et me, and I'il be as good as goold, I wil',' been speaking made way for him. 'Who ays it s my own fault-you !-sir, I waborn under that thatch, that now you stand n: my father and grand father held the but of land, and we pout for it at the high-

est and to the last farthing." That ye d d, poor man-God help you! id many a voice in tones of the deeper

'I, with every hard working soul on the tate, got posice to quit, because the agent van sit to be cleared f men, that it av eed beasts. I had acred all my life I ke man, and I had the feetings of one; I oved every stick of them blackened rafrs. My father's own bands made the bed that poor broken heart-d woman is sitting on . on it I was born, and on it she ough five children. The bees that are low singing in the bushes came from the uld stock; and my f ther's mother, that her are bringing out now, has set upon

but stone bench for sixty-four years ' A very venerable woman had just been arried through the flakes of falling thatel nto the open wir; she seemed herl'y onscious of what was going forward, and et she gazed around her, and fr m one

another, with an enxious look. Well, we know all that,' said the firs peaker : 'and you ought to know that m only doing my duty, and you ough have sense; the gentleman's land is is own, and if he'd rather feed cattle for mark t han have the place broke up n little farms, sure i 's his own land, not urs : he lets you take every stick that

'The law, only a bastard law after all for t e poor," said Larkins, 'gives me

' And he pays you for your crop.' " And that he can't help, either." . And yet the grouny there would no seve it till the r of was off. Sure and ow the gen leman had a right to do who

he lik d with his own.' 'He had not!' exclaimed the peasant firmly planting his foot on the ground min senator. 'In the sight and light of Almighty God, no man having plenty has a righ to say to another, 'Go on and starve'-starve, as I shall, and all be and starve, till my bones whiten through my skin, and I die, as others in this coun ty have one before me, on the road-Oh my God! if he had given me a piece of mountain, or a piece of bog and tine to bring it round, I'd have worked, as I have done all my life-and that's saying enough-for it. Does te call to mind that the tenant's duty is to pay, and the landlord's to protect? Does he say as a Christian, that any man has a right to turn over scores of his fellow creatures to starvation, when they are willing to be his slaves for foot anh raiment? for what more have any of us? We lay by nothing, and have nothing to lay by , yet we

place the old woman, so as to remove her

the roof was entirely removed, was rocking herself, as the wind rocks a ree that has been more than ha fuproorlong as ye like before ye go into the close

. If they had only let me die in it; anwered the young mother, whose weak the eloquence of the heart is far above look, well substantiated the child's opin, that mechanically acquired by study."

best advantage. It was altogether so ex- been served upon a cottage possessed of had let us take one good hearty fling at ject of oratory, in which she mentioned by those who made it their study in ear- fusion, but rather with one of genuine maintained that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart, since, when that was decoly interested in the attain which would in the comparison, render traiter to the government. The agonized through his guards, threw herself at his "I wish, a lannan, ye'd he said and led feet, and with the most pathetic eloby u-, urged one to Mrs. Larkins, who quence, pleaded for the bleand innecence ed. What good can staying here do feelings, and the energy with which she you, dear? Sure je'll stop with us as had expressed them, paused; then his own, and yer breathing so bad, and ye are liberation of her husband, he said. " I